

HERGÉ

2



THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

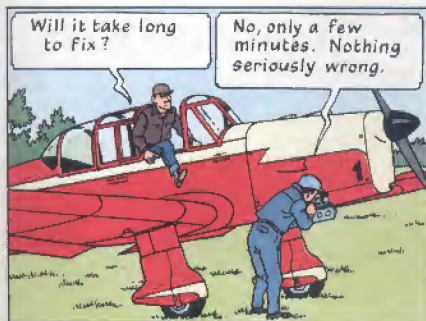
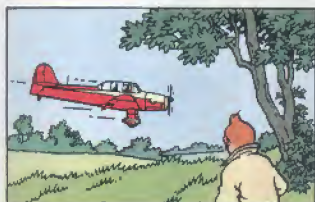
THE BLACK ISLAND

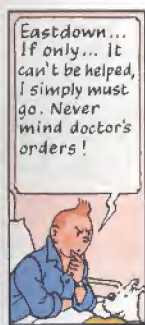
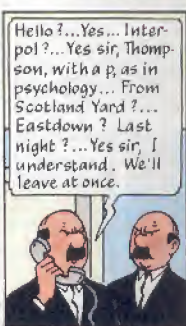
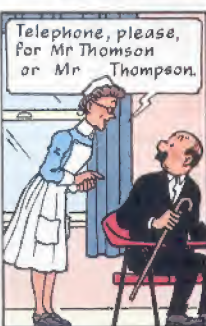
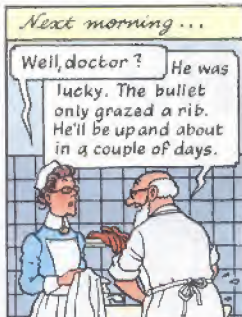


MAMMOTH

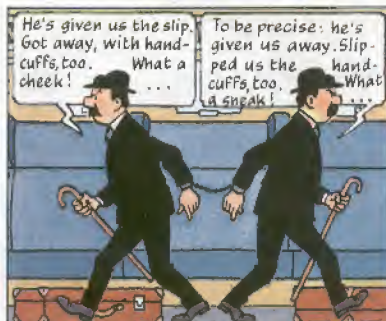
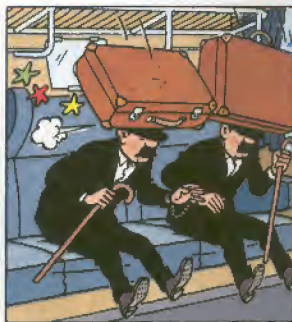


THE BLACK ISLAND









An hour later ...

Good! A village.
Perhaps I can hire a
car to take me to the
coast.



Just wait till I
get my hands on him!

To be precise: ...er
... just wait till
we get our hands!



Hello!

Tintin!



You!

Hey, stop!

That's what they call
putting your head
in the lion's mouth!



Stop him! Stop him!



Where's he gone?



Excuse me, sir. Have you seen a
young man running past your house?

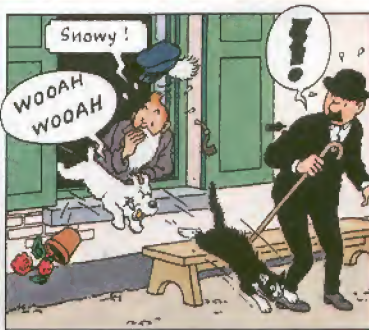


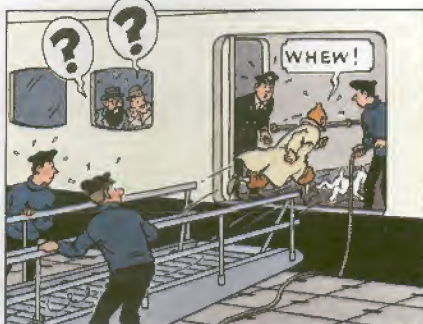
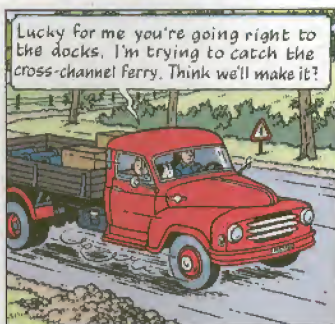
Let me see. A young man,
you say. That'd be him I
saw, with a little white
dog. Going like the wind,
he was. Hid himself among
those trees, over there.

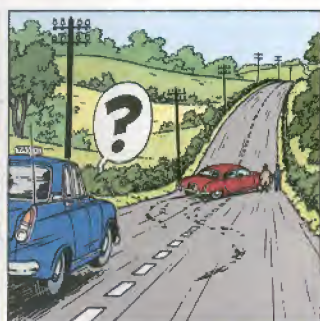
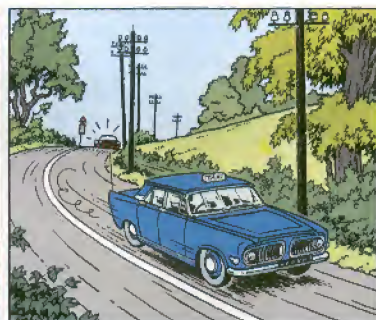
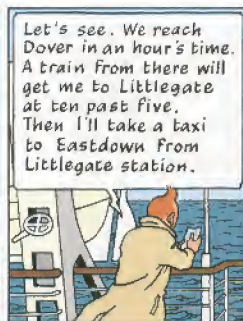
Aha! We've
got him!

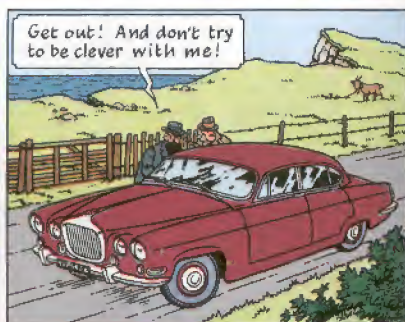
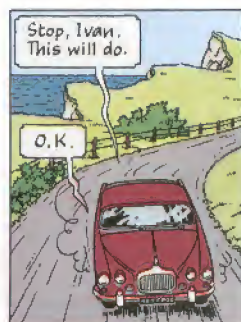
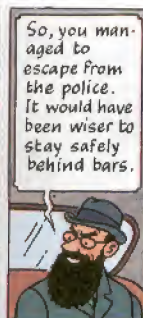


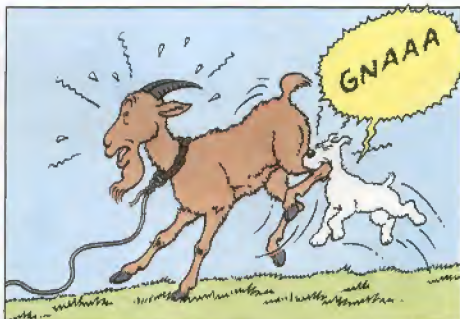
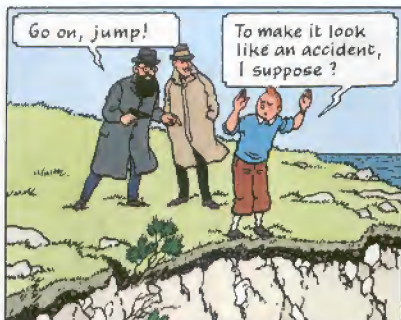
Snowy!

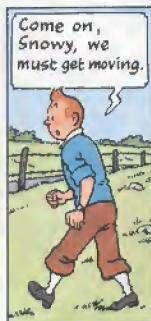
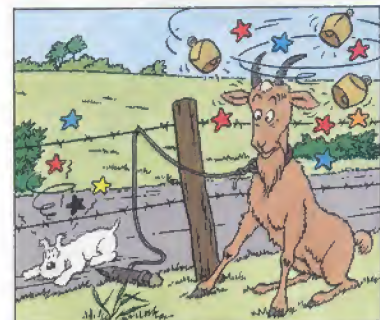
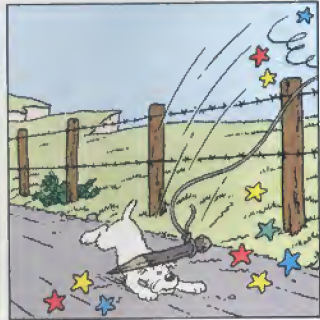
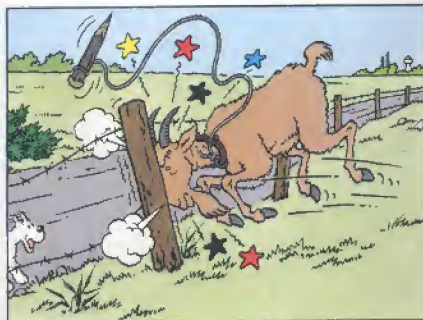
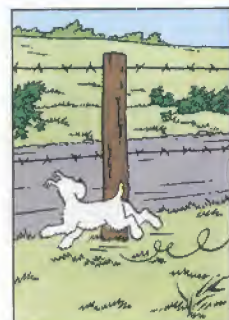


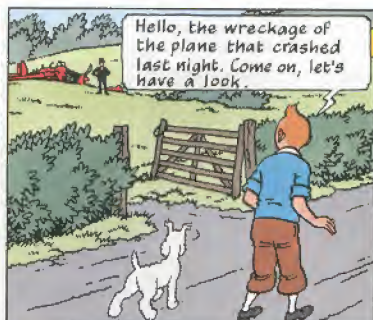












Aren't you ashamed, wasting our time bone-hunting. Here, give it to me.

A boy with reddish hair, wearing a blue long-sleeved shirt and brown trousers, is shown from the waist up, leaning forward and pulling a large bone away from a white dog. The dog is jumping up at him, trying to get the bone. They are in a forest with green trees in the background.

I've told you dozens of times, you're not to chew filthy old bones.



A cartoon illustration of a boy with a large speech bubble saying "WOOAH! WOOAH!" while walking through a forest. The boy is wearing a blue shirt and brown pants. The forest has many trees and green foliage.

Strange... He really does want me to follow him.



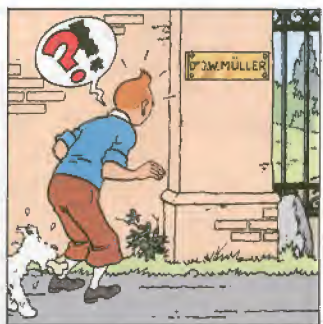
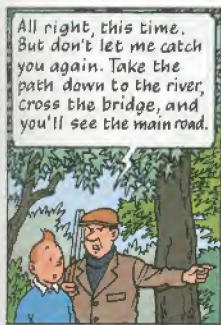
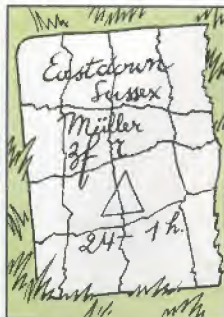
I'll come. But woe betide you if it's just another bone.

Flying jackets! Those thugs from the plane must have hidden them.

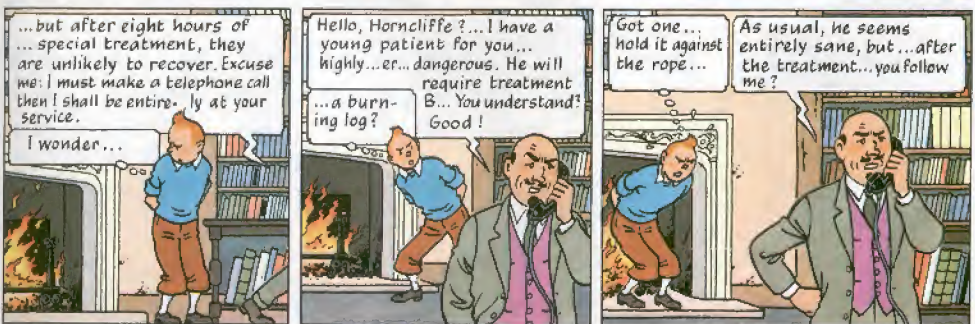
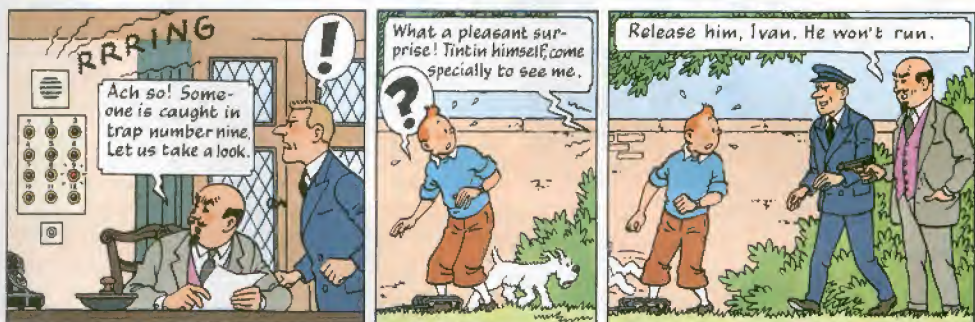
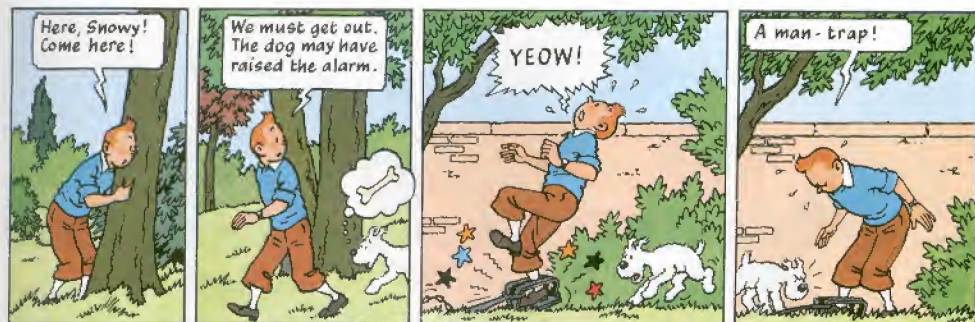


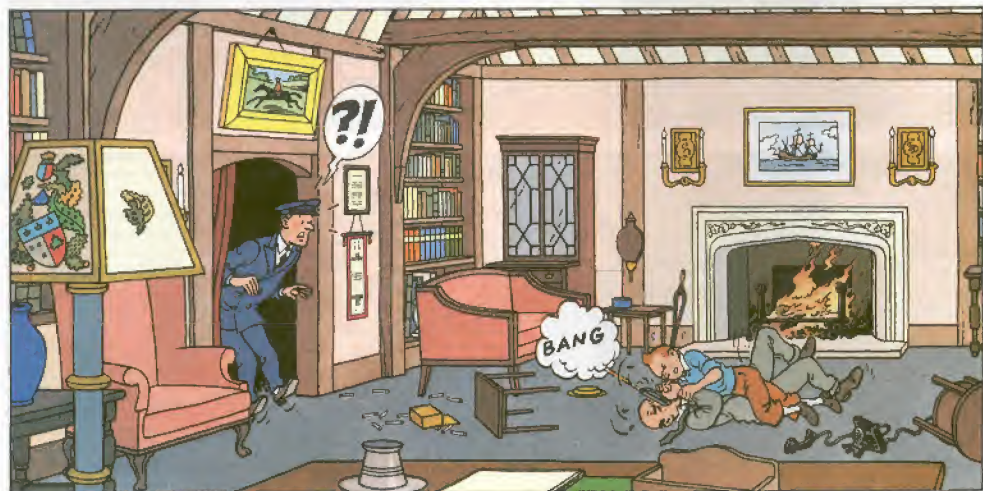
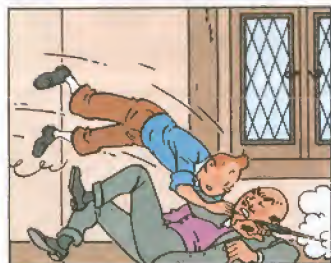
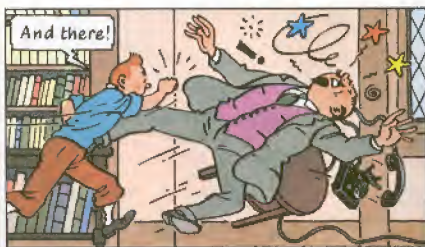
Aha! Look there! Some scraps of paper. Something's been torn up. Perhaps this will give us a lead.

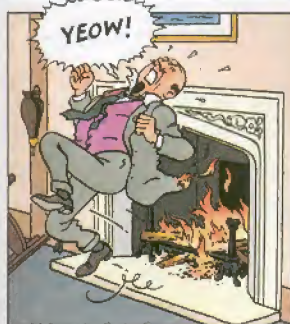
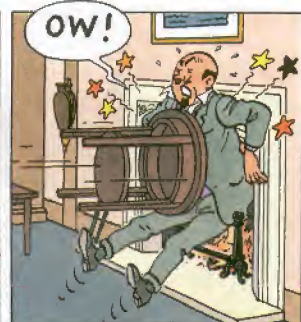


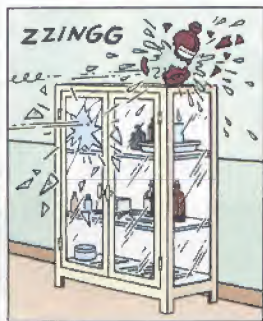
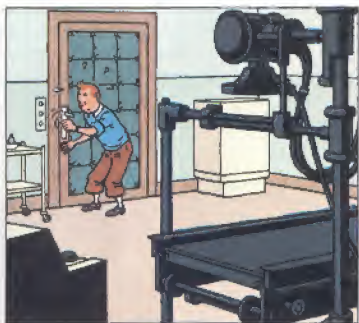




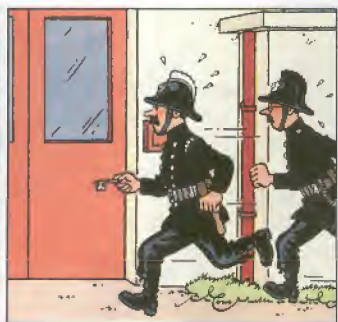


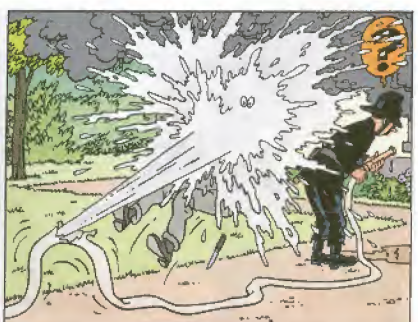
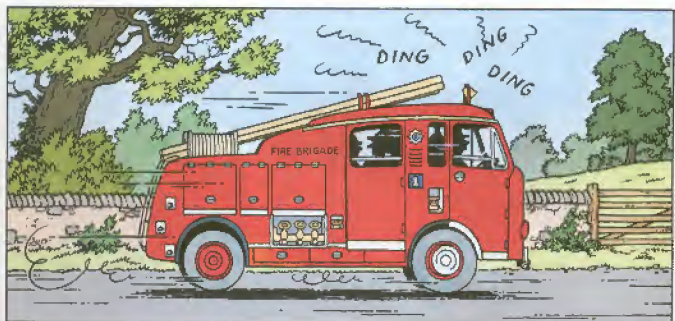














Next morning...

... And what happened to Doctor Müller?

I'm afraid my men couldn't catch him. His car was standing just by the house. He hopped in, with his driver, and they went off at top speed. We hadn't a chance.

A pity. I'd give a lot to know ... why were they so anxious to get rid of me? Never mind. Perhaps I'll find a clue at the house, to put me on their track again... The fire can't have destroyed everything...

You're not getting out of bed?

Of course. I feel absolutely all right.

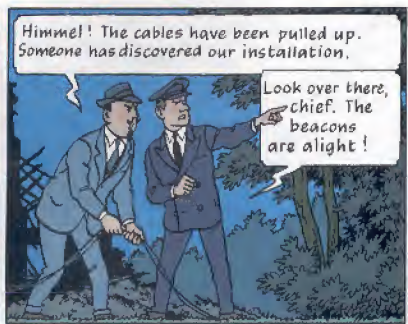
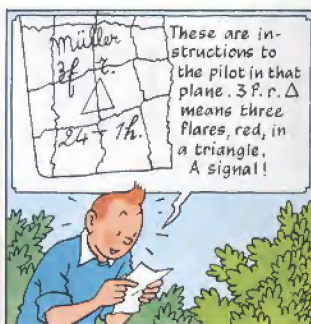
Heavens! There isn't much left of Dr. Müller's house: it's gutted.

I shan't find anything useful here...

Electric cables. What can they be for?

They seem to go on...

How odd. Where on earth can they lead?



Someone else is waiting for the plane!
... If they drop the load now we are
finished! ... We have got to stop them.
We must put out those lights. Here,
help me to cut the wires.



But...but chief...the
lights are still burning!



I wonder if they'll
come tonight.



O.K. to drop. I
can see the
lights.



Too late! There
is the plane.



One out!



Great snakes—they've
dropped something!



Let's see!



Tintin, confound him!



Two away!



Another!



That fell quite close.
It should be easier
to spot than the
first one.

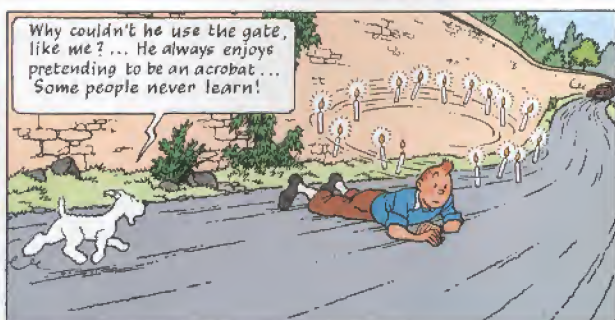
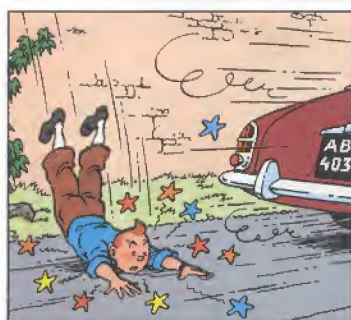
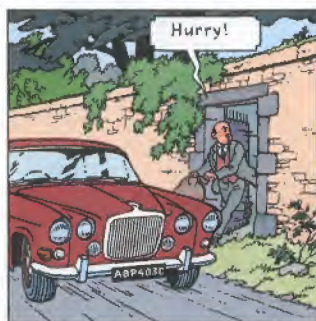


I wonder what I'm
going to find!



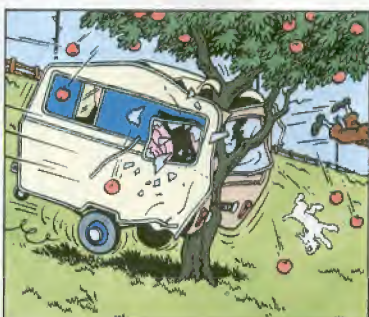
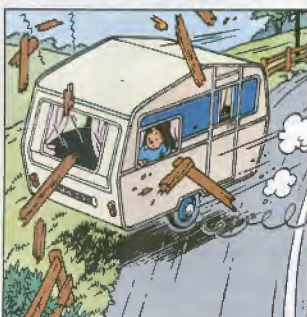
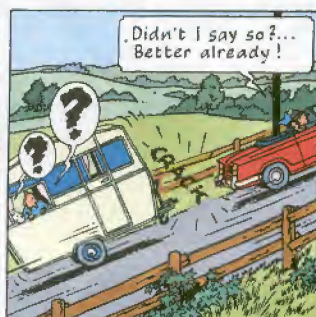
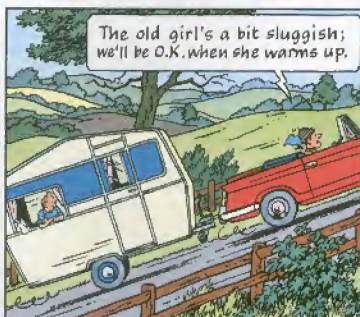


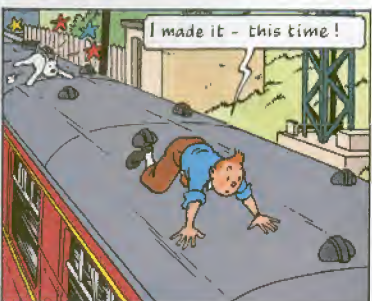
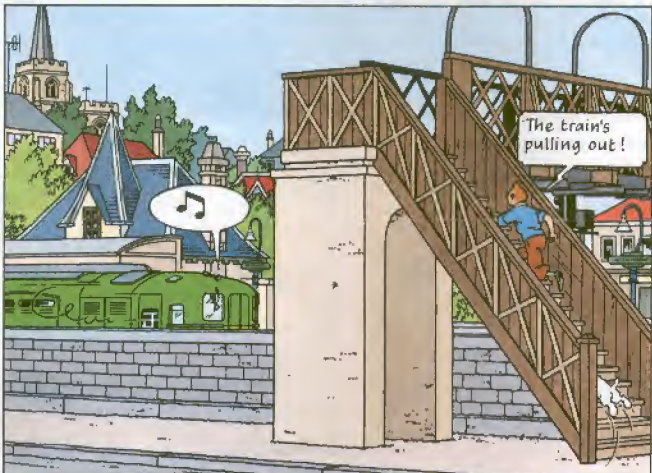
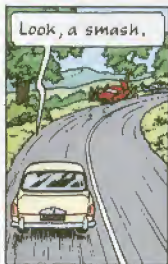
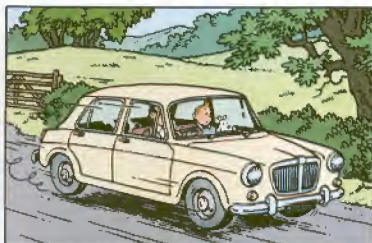


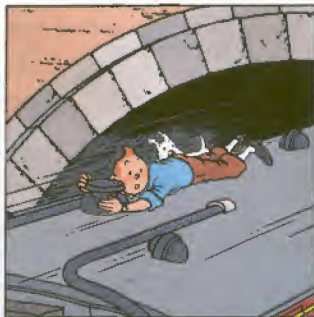


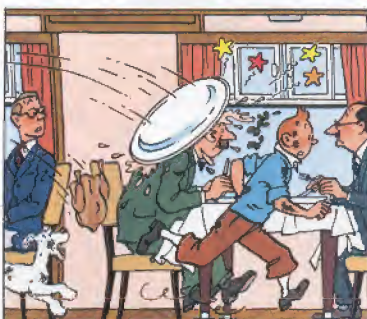
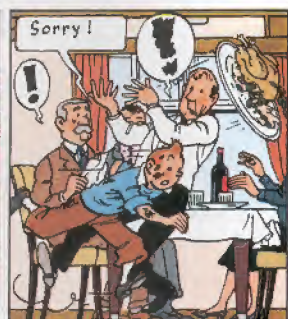
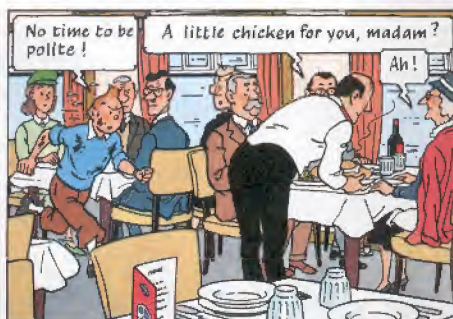
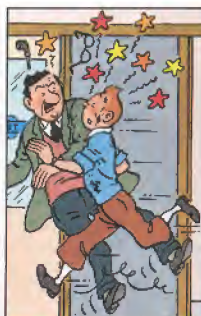


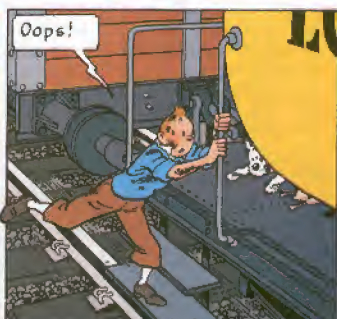
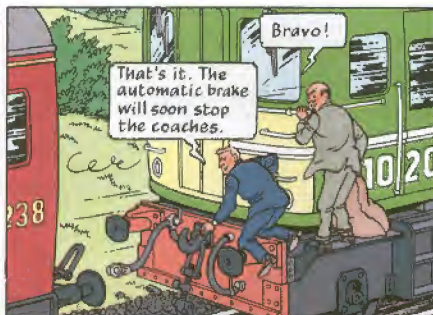
Crooks?... I say, what a lark!... Hop in the caravan!

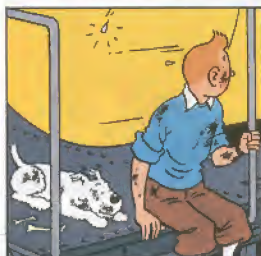












Hello, it's raining.



Golly, that's not water! But it's got a certain something, all the same!



Aha! There must be a leak ...

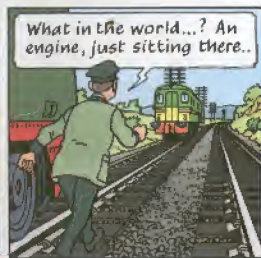
Better try to clean myself up.



STOP!



A station?... No ... Then I wonder why they've stopped.



What in the world...? An engine, just sitting there...



It's the one they hijacked, Müller must have abandoned it ... But where did they go? The driver may give me a lead ...



Bert! Are you all right? What happened?



A couple of thugs... climbed into the cab... made us drive on ... then ordered me to stop. One of 'em got behind me, clobbered me with a spanner... I went out like a light. Didn't see which way they went ...



That's all right, My dog will pick up their trail in a flash... Snowy!



Now where's he gone?... Snowy! ... Hey, Snowy!

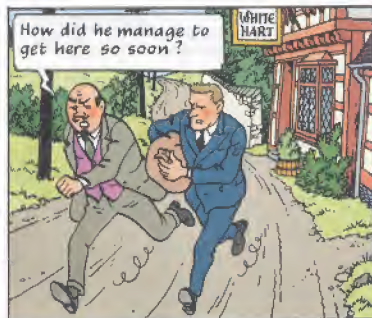
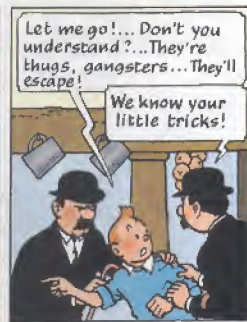
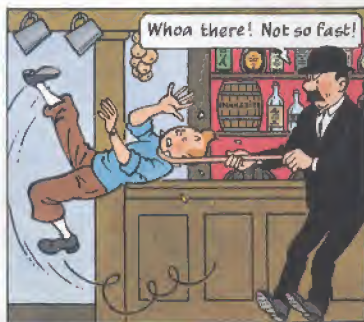
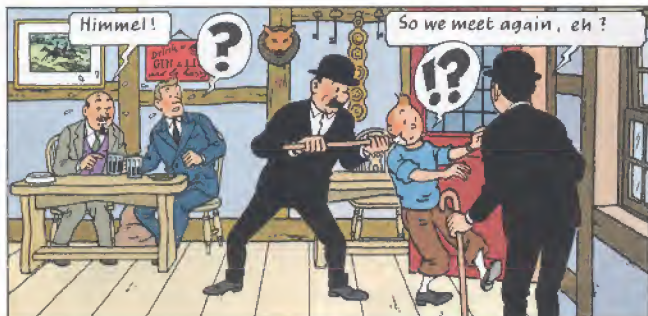


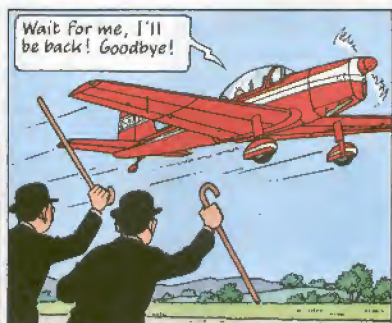
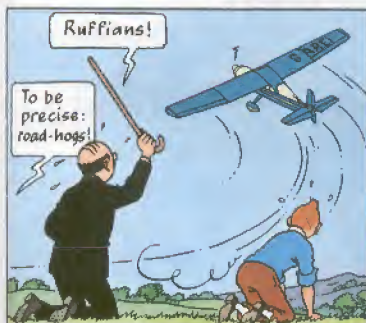
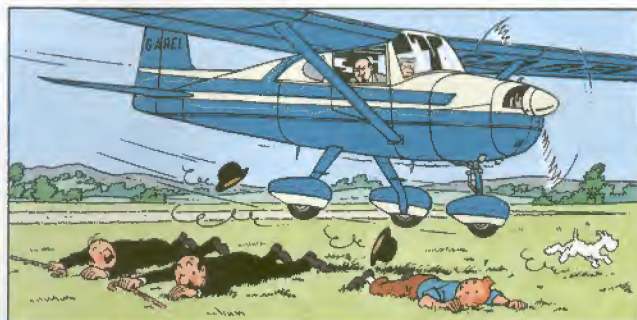
SNOWY!

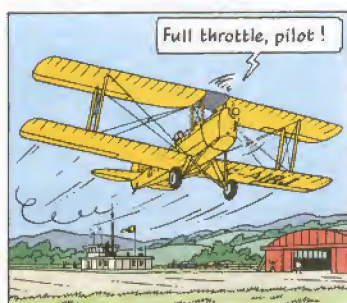


S'O.K., I'm c-c-coming... Give... hic... give a dog a sh-sh-shance...

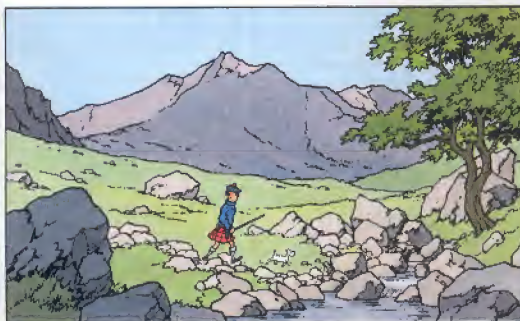
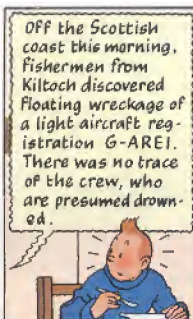


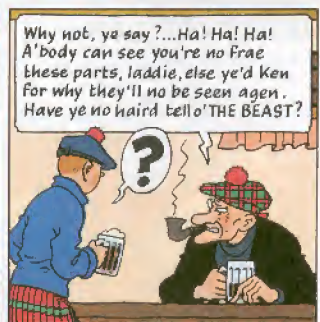
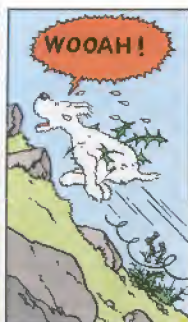












The beast?
... What
beast?...
The Loch
Ness
Monster?
Haud yer whisht, laddie,
A'm speirin' o' the beast
that bides on the Black
Island, i' the ruins o'
the castle o' Craig Dhui.
The critter's for devourin'
ev'ry maun that's sae bold
as to gang neer the place.



I mind... it'll be three months back,
two young laddies were for explorin'
the island, for a' our wurd's o'
warnin'. They went off in a wee
boat. Dead calm it was; not a
breath o' wind... And d'ye ken,
they were niver haired o' agen!...
And it'll be last year, a Kiltloch
fisherman vanished wi' a sign out



A dreich mist there was
that day... Puir MacGregor!
'Tis sure he ran aground on
the island... and he's nae
been seen since! And twa
yeers back... och, but
there's nae end to the tales
o' them that's gone, puir
sauls...



Och! 'Tis a terrible
beast! ... There's
times in the night,
when the wund's
frae the sea, ye
can hear it...
Whisht! D'ye heer?



Here's your tea, sir,

Thanks. You know,
it's odd about that
crash. I think I'll
visit the Black
Island tomorrow.



The next morning...

Will you take
me across
to the Black
Island?

The Black Island?
For why are ye wantin'
tae gae to the Black
Island? Are ye wearied
o' livin'?



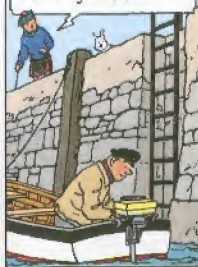
Whit's that? Tak
ye tae the Black
Island?... No for
a' the bawbees i'
the wuld! A'm no
for deein' yet, laddie!



Tae the Black
Island? Mind what
I say, there's no
maun heer that'll
dare go neer that
curst place.



Aha! Just what I'm
looking for!



Ahoy there! Will
ye let
me hire
your boat?

Aye laddie,
but d'ye
ken work
the out-
board
motor?
...



Wha' are ye makin'
for this bra day?

Er... I
want to
have a look
at the
castle o'
Craig Dhui.

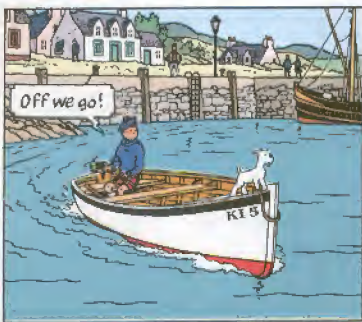


The Black Island?
Nae fear! Ye'll no come
back agen and ma
boat'll be lost!

What
if I buy
your
boat?

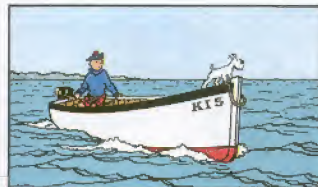


Off we go!

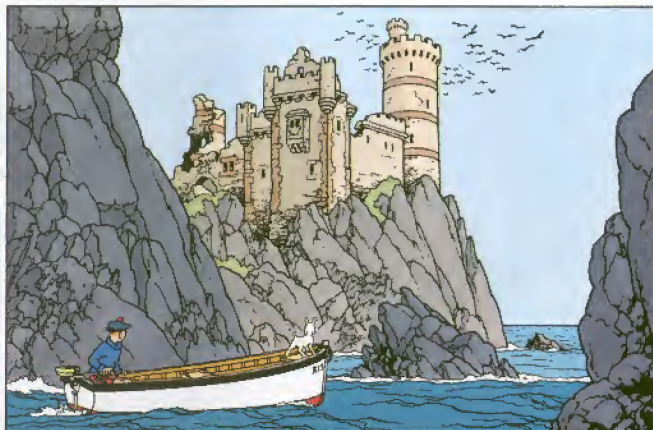


Another awa' tae his doom...





The Black Island!



They were quite right in Kilboch... It is a sinister place...



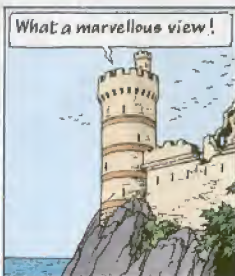
I think we'll explore the castle first.

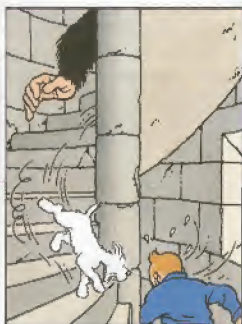


That must be the stair-case to the tower.

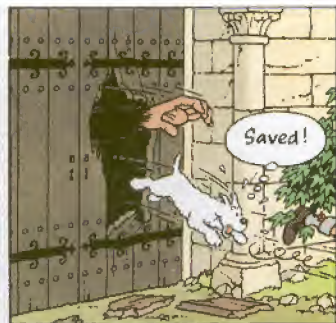
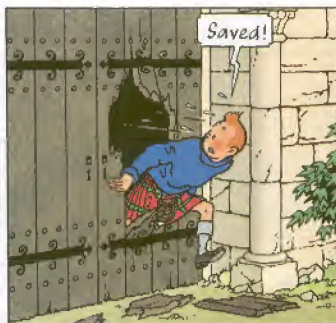


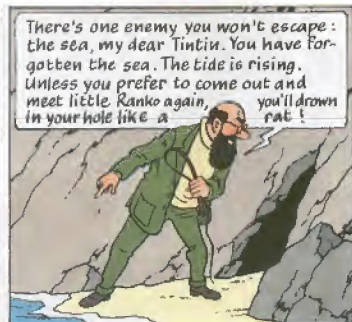
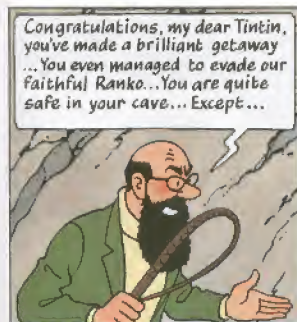
What a marvellous view!

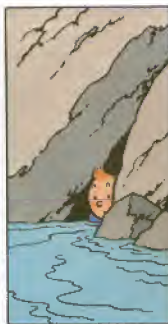


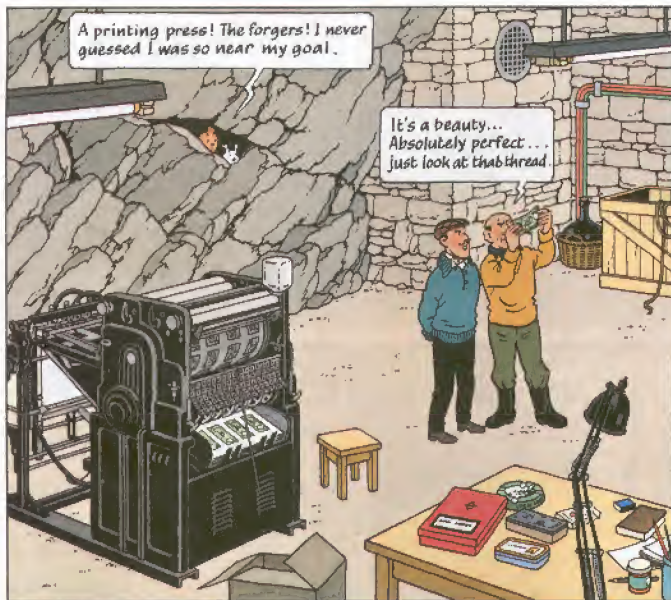






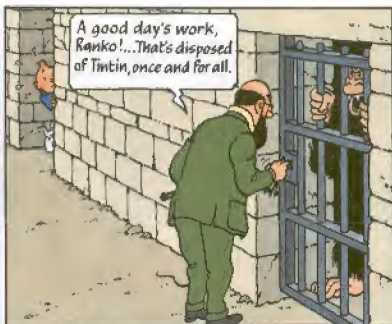


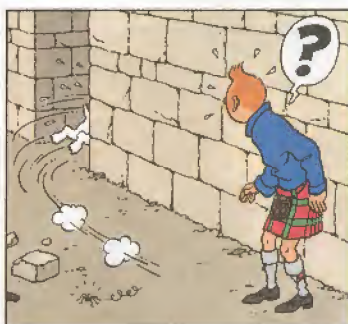


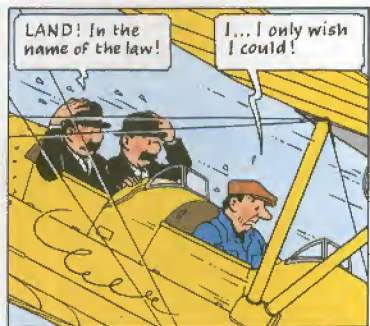
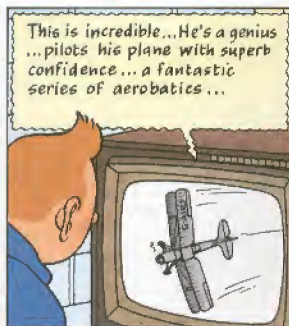
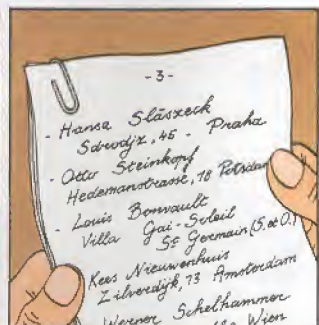
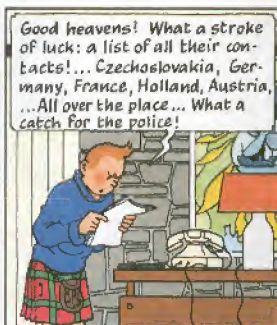
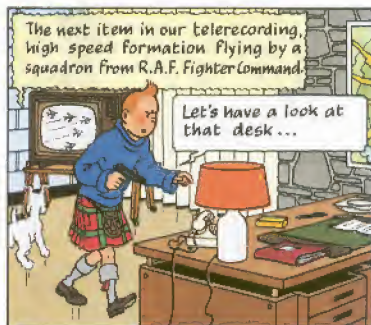




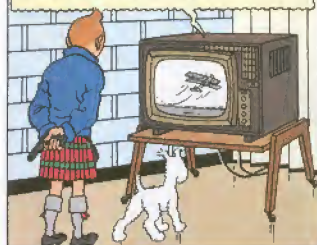




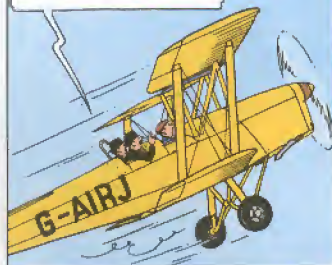




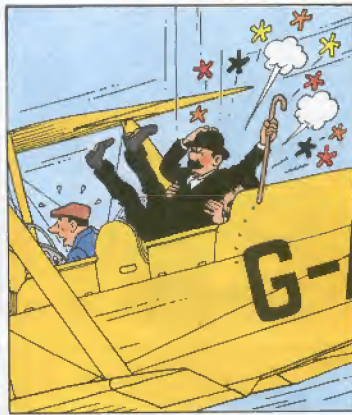
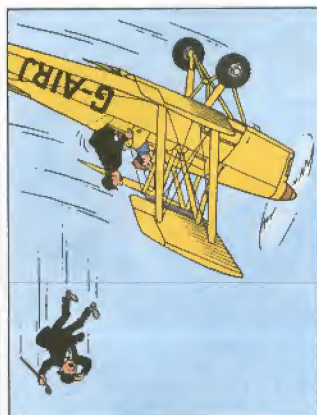
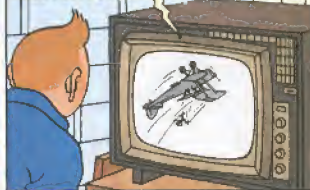
Now the plane comes roaring down, skims over the field and shoots up like a rocket ...



Stop! We want to get down, d'you hear?



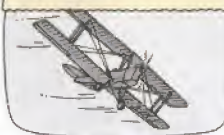
Now he's heading for the ground again...and into another flawless loop he goes, then...Good heavens! one of the passengers has slipped out of his seat...This is terrible!



Whew! What a stunt! That really had us fooled!



And this time he really is coming down... He's going to land... He's cut the motor...



He touches down... the plane bounces ...

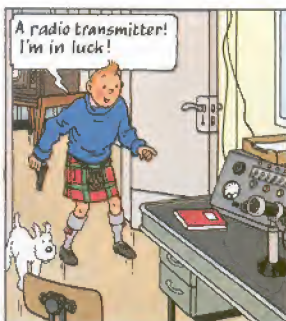


...and does one last, hair-raising somersault before it comes to rest in the centre of the field.



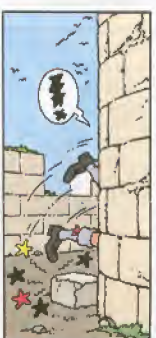
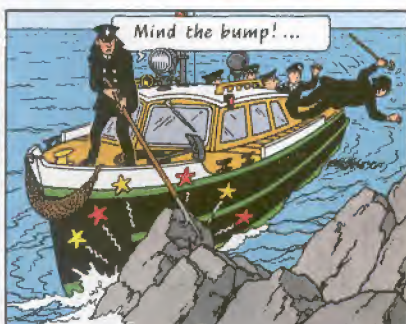
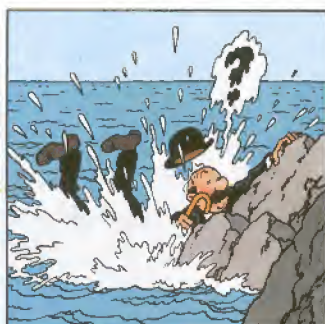
A clear victory! The judges are unanimous...the aerobatic championship is yours!

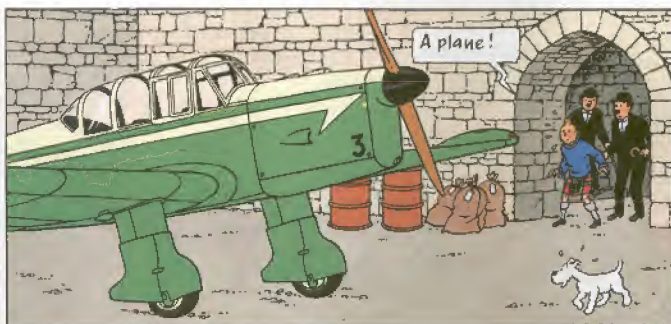














NO. 11 432

GLASGOW EVENING FREE PRESS

Young Reporter Hero of Black Island Drama

FORGERS FOUND ON MYSTERY ISLE

Full story page five

DE NEDERLANDSCHE B...

Full story page five

Police Swoop on International Gang

FORGED notes so perfect
even bank cashiers are
fooled.

At Kiltoch, handcuffed gang leaders are escorted to waiting Black Maria.

A sea dash by police ended in five arrests. Seen with hero reporter Tintin and lion-hearted dog Snowy, from left, Constables E. McGregor, T. W. Stewart, B. Robertson, A. MacLeod.

Black Island 'Beast' Ranko
says goodbye to rescuer
Tintin in a Glasgow zoo.
Once trained to kill intru-
ders at gang hideout, the
monster gorilla, injured in
bottle on



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St. Jo
Harol
tender
A B
Mr. T
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St. J
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Next morning...

You aren't coming
back with me by air?

By air?... No thank
you... To be precise:
we don't find the
pilots entirely ...
reliable!



Au revoir !

